

MITCHELL COUNTY.

The Base Ball Game at Colorado—Local Items of Interest—Personal.

Correspondence of the Gazette.
Colorado, September 17.—Our city has been on the qui vive for a week past on the base ball question, and Saturday's trial rolled in bringing the Fort Worth boys who came to defend their fair name on the diamond field. The Nationals were met at the depot by a delegation from our home club and carried at once to the Rensselaire, where they have since been comfortably quartered. There business headquarters are established at three o'clock was the momentous hour for the contest to begin, and as early as noon, huggies, and wagons, one and two horse vehicles, down even to the slow but sure cart might be seen wending their way to the park loaded down with living freight. The umpire and his wife were on hand, and a better dressed, quieter and more respectable audience we have never looked upon. Prompt to the hour the clubs took to their places, the Nationals winning the toss and taking the field. The result of the first inning was 2 to 0 in favor of the Red Caps, and betting became quite free. The game went smoothly on until the eighth inning, when the score stood 17 to 9 in favor of the Fort Worth boys and the home club's backers began to look blue. By close fielding and magnificent batting however the Red Caps added seven runs to their score in the next inning and were in a fair way to place themselves out of danger, until a desperate play at the third base brought all the players of both clubs to the home plate. The umpire first decided the man out, and then reversed his decision. Neither of the captains would agree to the ruling, and the game broke up unfinished. A return match is advertised for to-day, but it is somewhat doubtful whether it will be played. In all such games we have ever witnessed, the umpire's decision was regarded as final, but in this game each and every player seemed to constitute himself a deputy umpire and participate in all the rulings. Below we append the official score of runs:

Fort Worth Nationals..... 22
Colorado City Reds..... 17

The Colorado still had a man at the bat at the close of the game.

Yesterday was Sunday all day again in Colorado, and the day was observed as usual. Sabbath-school and preaching were held at the Baptist church. Rev. Mr. Whittle, late of Kentucky, but located at present at Abilene, occupied the pulpit. Mr. Whittle is of the Baptist denomination and preached to a large audience both day and night. He is quite a young minister, but his sermons are appreciated by the church-going people of this place.

When the east-bound train on the Texas & Pacific railroad was about departing from the city last Friday, your correspondent being at the depot caught on to the following: I saw the sheriff hurriedly approaching the cars and whispering loudly to one of the rangers on board, saying, "Bring him out and I will be responsible." Pretty soon the ranger and rather an old man put in their appearance at the car door and then stepped off the train, when Sheriff Ware approached them and asked the man his name and where he was from. The Prussian (the man) quickly replied that his name was —, and that he was from Tahoko lake to this city and had been herding sheep for some time. The sheriff told him he had a document he wished to read him, and commenced to read a reward calling for a stage robber, saying he looked something like the man. The Prussian declared his innocence, but was taken before the recorder and upon a trial was found not to be the man and not guilty and was turned loose and sent on his way rejoicing.

The Hall hotel was set on fire by some unknown party Thursday night, but fortunately Mr. Hall, the proprietor, was up and soon saw the flames and at once extinguished them.

O. R. Warren, a prominent cattleman of this section, and who has been journeying in the East several months, is now in the city. He will leave in the morning for his ranch in the Panhandle.

Mr. Peter Lawson, of the firm of Lawson, Smith & Co. and T. W. Wampler and Mr. Walthall, prominent citizens of Big Springs, were in attendance at the match game of base ball at the Phoenix Park yesterday evening.

George B. Loving, manager of the Loving Publishing company, and E. G. Senter of the GAZETTE were among the incoming passengers on the Texas & Pacific road yesterday morning. Mr. Loving will remain in the city several days on business. Mr. Senter leaves for the West this evening.

Daniel Bell, a Kentucky traveling man, and our genial friend John Mabry were registered at the Rensselaire last week.

Capt. Pool, a prominent citizen of our town, returned from the East a few days ago. The captain was one of the witnesses in the noted Frank James trial at Gallatin, Mo.

Capt. Hoy, a representative of the Clipper, returned home from his Eastern tour Sunday; looking as fresh as ever.

Mr. Hays, late of Wisconsin, is in our city, and will leave to-morrow for O. J. Wren's ranch in the Panhandle country.

Capt. Richardson, agent for the large live stock commission house of R. Strathorn & Co., Chicago, Ill., is in the Infant Wonder.

Mrs. Boren of —, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Goodman, returned home last Friday.

The following names appear on the register of the Rensselaire House: R. Rheinbold & Son, Cincinnati, O.; H. Haselin, New Mexico; H. W. Bailey, Chicago; Geo. B. Loving, E. G. Senter, Fort Worth; J. D. Davis, city; W. A. Jackson, W. A. Craig, Hillsboro, J. B. Lester, city; T. B. Hart, Fort Worth; S. Klein, Cincinnati, O.; E. G. Scott, San Antonio; A. E. McEneaney, Sullivan, Ind.; John Lackner, Henrietta.

At one of the watering places an impatient young man walked up to the bathing house in which he thought and, knocking on the same, testily inquired: "When in blazes are you going to get the pants on?" There was a faint giggle and a silvery voice replied, "when I get married, I suppose."

NOLAN COUNTY.

Sippings from Sweetwater—The Round-Ups—Town Topics—Brilliant Chance For a Fortune.

Correspondence of the Gazette.
Sweetwater, September 17.—Heaven's artillery gave us a grand celebration last night and your contemporary sat up late to hear the fire works which were impressively magnificent. There must have been too many wishing for rain, who had empty cisterns, or else the dome of our new court house parted the clouds, and the result was a fine rain all around us, and but a slight sprinkle in town. There was more electricity than water waltzing about at a late hour last night, and its glare lighted many a man to his couch without the feeble rays of a candle. What we need is an old fashioned week's rain, not sandblasted with any sunshine. Such a rain would cause a "dried up" country to bloom like a big sunflower, and every cowman to flourish like a green bay tree.

Your correspondent regrets exceedingly to hear of the retirement of the old man in the tower, even temporarily, as it creates a vacancy not easily filled. Besides, it brings up a big lump in our throat to say the "sad good bye," even if it be for ever-so-brief a season. May his shadow never grow less. But what is to become of Miss "Peppermint"? If I had even her photograph ecstatic joy would surely be mine, without which her recognition would be extremely doubtful.

If "Miss Peppermint" values her present and future happiness, she will take immediate steps either in the direction of sending her "photo," or what would be infinitely better, come herself, for which your affiant will ever pray. There would be a cornucopia full of prosperity for her should she determine to make this town and my home her future abode. The latch string is on the outside.

Summer rather seems to linger with us, although if a vote were taken there would be a large majority in favor of a radical change.

The "round-ups" advertised to start from Eagle pass on Oak creek has been changed owing to the scarcity of water in that given locality, and it was decided to commence at the lower end of the district where water was more plentiful, and would meet at the mouth of Sweetwater creek on the 16th.

J. W. Germany is putting the finishing touches on his large store, which we understand is for rent, or will be when completed.

W. B. Simpson leaves to-morrow evening for quite an extended trip south and will probably visit Galveston for the purpose of making some purchases for the firm and will probably make a visit to his old home in Lavaca county.

The man who invents a machine that will scoop the prairie dogs out of Texas, will not only immortalize his name, but acquire a handsome stipend besides, while the capacity of the grazing area would be double what it is to-day.

EASTLAND COUNTY.

Down Into the Depths of the Coal Mines—Sights and Scenes in Cisco—Its Tributary Country.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

Cisco, September 18.—"I am afraid to trust it; might cave in, you know; and that would be uncomfortable." The speaker was peering into the opening of one of the coal mines near Cisco. Not a very inviting place to enter, certainly, and not entirely with such an air of comfort as a man of six feet height would desire. But a greasy little lamp being furnished, the pilgrims into the bowels of the earth began. For a hundred yards or so, one had only to bow his head; but switching off into one of the two galleries now before us, a humbler attitude was necessary. So low did the beams above depend, and so close to the top was the floor that to fall forward on one's hands and thus in the three-foot space crawl along was found more convenient than an endeavor to assert one's full stature of a man. We had been told that we would find another donkey at the end of the passage used for hauling the coal trucks in and out. Some twenty miners were here at work, grimy, sweating men; men who scarce knew one day from another and with little or no use for daylight. Oh, yes! they were contented; they knew no other work. Hard? Yes; yes; pretty hard, but their wages were fair, \$2.75 per ton. Here, where they could not raise themselves erect, but work while sitting or lying flat upon their backs, they dug out the coal now used on the Texas Central road. Better coal than this has been found in the neighborhood, but this has proved a bonanza to the road. The hills in which coal exists about here are of insignificant height, and the veins are small, but whatever the extent it will add to the importance of Cisco to have coal within a mile of town.

Cisco possesses a handsome a depot building as that at Fort Worth; a large portion having been designed as a hotel, but that did not succeed. A stranger alighting at this depot is at once led to expect great things of the town from such an example. The town has one prominent street upon which are all the business houses, the majority of which are roughly thrown together. Several stores are vacant and there is not a noticeable air of thrift about, although a very fair amount of business is transacted. The streets most commonly used are liberally decorated with tin cans, and great lazy hogs abound, adding to the animation of the people by the crop of fleas contributed. But off from the business section, and with ample room about, are scattered the neat little dwellings of the people. The liberal use of paint and whitewash adds greatly to the comfortable appearance of the homes. A fine school house has just been completed and is furnished with patent furniture. Three churches give evidence of life in religious things, while the manners of those you meet show that the amenities of life are not forgotten.

Cisco is not incorporated, and there is not therefore that local improvement that will later exist.

The "tiger" and his kindred animals occupy at least one stronghold and night and day can be seen from the adjacent hotel battling with his prey.

The district surrounding Cisco is said to give little if any promise of

ever becoming an agricultural country. It is probable the cattle interests will always create a certain amount of business, as will the coal mines. The place is healthy and her citizens stand ready to extend a welcome to all who are disposed to cast their lots here.

CARRIED OVER NIAGARA.

Remarkable Self-Possession of a Man Doomed to Sure Death.

At sundown yesterday a man was carried over the falls. Who he was is not known. His dress and appearance indicated respectability, and after he got into the rapids his self-possession was extraordinary. His boat was a very good one, decked over the bow, and I should think, would carry three or four tons. No other than a person unacquainted with the current above the rapids would venture so near them. I was on the head of Goat Island when I first discovered the boat, then near half a mile below the foot of Navy Island, and nearly two miles above the falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed toward the American shore—the wind blowing from the shore and the sail was still standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety.

Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and, from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids I could see it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the island. There it was turned up the river and for some time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope seemed to be to come directly to Goat Island, and whether I should run a half a mile to give an alarm, or remain to assist in the boat, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat was again turned toward the American shore. Then it was certain to go down the American rapids.

I ran to the bridge, rallied a man at the toll-gate, and we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat just before it got to the first large fall in the rapids. Then I saw but one man—his standing at the stern with his oar changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over he sat down. I was astonished to see the boat rise, with the mast and sail standing, and the man again erect directing the boat forward to the shore. As he came to the next and each succeeding fall, he sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current. There was hope that he would come out enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment it was gone. Another, that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him from it under the bridge, breaking the mast. Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar, and pointing his boat toward the main shore, he cried: "Had I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction.

Within a few rods of the falls the boat struck a rock, turned over and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand till he went over the precipice. Without the power to render assistance, for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for his life, yet doomed with almost the certainty of death, still hoping with every effort of excitement I pray God never again to experience.

Logan and Bull.

N. Y. Times.
What is known to the aborigines of Africa as a palaver and to those of America as a pow-wow has taken place between these two eminent chiefs, senator Logan and Sitting Bull. In point of department there can be no reasonable doubt that the advantage was with the latter, but the senator, as a member of the Indian Commission, had a decided advantage of position. Sitting Bull, after the manner of his race, confined his side of the discussion to a statement of his own magnitude and importance, no doubt expecting, from the appearance of the senator and the general style, to be met with counter claim. But he must have been grievously disappointed. With that candor and combativeness which have so often enlivened the senate, the senator from Illinois, according to his own account, raised the direct issue, and instead of magnifying himself, belittled his opponent. "The point I tried to make on him," explained the senator, "was that he was not such a big fellow as an Indian as he seemed to think." This line of controversy is not, we believe, considered the correct thing in aboriginal circles. Etiquette permits a chief freely to water his own moral and social stock without contradiction. But we can readily believe the senator's assurance when he says that "the talk which I had with Sitting Bull had a good effect."

The proud spirit of that chief must have been humbled by the translation in the hearing of his young men, into his native Sioux from a language bearing some resemblance to English, of an official opinion of him not very different from that which his author holds of Gen. Fitz John Porter. It is a pity that posterity should lose an account of the interview in which Sitting Bull showed a white senator when he was entirely unrestrained by the amenities of civilization and parliamentary law—not that he ever allows himself to be fettered by them, but we are bound to say that the views of the Illinois chief on the Indian question in general seem to be characterized by what he would call "horse sense." "Suppose," he says, "Suppose you put 25,000 lazy white men on a piece of land, and say to them: 'The government will support you until you can support yourselves.' Do you think those white men would exert themselves to get into a position where they would have to support themselves by work? I think I could suggest a policy that would make them self-supporting in a very short time." The author, with an occasional reminder to a senatorial objector that he is not such a senatorial place of torment as he seems to think, should be one of the liveliest features of the next session of congress.

Boston, September 17.—The present secretary of state, treasurer, auditor and attorney general will be re-nominated by acclamation by the Republican convention. There is opposition to Pierce for governor, owing to his vote against the counting of Louisiana for Hayes.

Mr. Friend, a commercial tourist from Dallas, was in town last week.

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SOCIETY NOTES.

O. of R. C.

THE O. OF R. C. EVERGREEN 57, REGULAR every first and third Sunday at 1:30 p. m. in K. of P. Hall, corner of Third and Main street.

JOHN HOWES, Secretary.

AMERICAN LEAGUE OF HONOR.

TRINITY COUNCIL NO. 529 HOLD THEIR meetings on the second and fourth Friday of the month at K. of P. hall. Hour of meeting, 8 o'clock. J. W. WHEAT, Com.; F. M. GRAY, Sec.

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THE BEST BATHING WATER IN THE state—white sulphur, magnesia and soda natural flow 20 gallons per minute, as rain water. North-west corner public square, Stanley & Haymaker.

GAINESVILLE HACK LINE.

J. E. ARNETT HAVE PUT ON A HACK line between Whitesboro and Gainesville. The hack leaves Whitesboro at 9 a. m., immediately after the arrival of the east-bound Texas and Pacific train, and leaves Gainesville at 2 p. m., in time to connect at Whitesboro with the south-bound train. Fare each way, \$1.25.

DRESS-MAKING.

DRESS-MAKING AND PLAIN SEWING by Miss Lizzy Ward, East First street, third door west of colored Methodist church. Gentlemen's pants made to order.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

LAW CARDS.

C. C. JOHNSON, attorney at law, real estate and collection agent, Bowie, Montague county, Texas. Will practice in the courts of Montague and adjoining counties. Special attention given to land matters and to collections. References given if desired.

PETER HART, Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Land Agent, Albany, Schoharie county, Texas. Taxes paid for non-residents. Patents and titles examined and land business generally.

J. K. JAMASON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Whitesboro, Texas.

GRANT, SPARKMAN & FRENCHARD, Attorneys at Law, Deatur, Texas.

EDGAR EYE, attorney at law, (county at Albany) Albany, Texas.

J. P. ORR, Lawyer and Land Agent, Vernon, Wilbarger county, Texas.

MULLEN & HUMPHREYS, Attorneys at Law, Fort Worth, Texas. Collecting, corporation and general litigation. Office in Turrell building, corner First and Main streets.

J. L. HENRY, Attorney at Law and General Agent, Cleburne, Johnson county, Texas. Titles of Johnson county.

J. L. FEELER, Attorney at Law and Land Agent, Cameron, Milam county, Texas. Will practice in all the courts of this state. Business promptly attended to and correspondence solicited.

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